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PROPERTY OF
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



She: MOTHER IS ON OUR SIDE, ANYWAY.

He: WHAT DID SHE SAY?

"SHE TOLD PAPA THAT HE MUSTN'T JUDGE TOO MUCH BY LOOKS."

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY wishes to rent its present suite of offices in the "Life" Building from October first, 1903. They are located one flight above the street, and have elevator, electric light and ample toilet accommodations. The floor space is about four thousand square feet, all of which is well lighted, and can be divided to suit tenant. The premises are admirably adapted for business offices, or, on account of their location, for ladies' tailor, milliner, etc.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY also announces its removal on October first to new and more commodious offices in the enlargement of its present building at 17 West Thirty-first Street.

Apply to **W. H. HARVEY**, Superintendent
(On the Premises) 19 West Thirty-first Street

DON'T GO AWAY WITHOUT "VELCREMA"

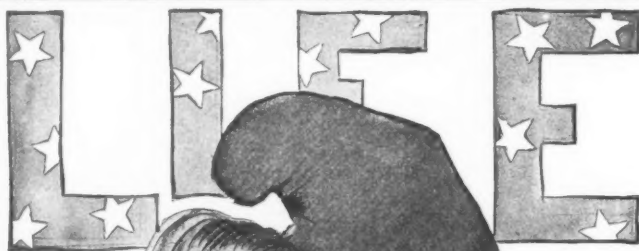
FOR THE SKIN

For Sunburn, Chafing, Mosquito Bites and all irritating skin troubles, nothing relieves and cures so quickly as Lundborg's

Velcrema

It prevents Tan and preserves the complexion — invaluable to Golfers and all who live outdoors.

25C. AT YOUR DRUGGIST



"Columbia—Her Day"

IS THE TITLE OF OUR NEXT SPECIAL
MONTHLY NUMBER — OUT JULY 2

THE cover design, reproduced at the left, is by Gibson, and will be printed in colors. This is the cleverest piece of work he has done in many a day.

As a brilliant example of LIFE'S possibilities in magazine making, from its beautiful cover design in colors to a remarkably choice aggregation of strictly high-class literature and advertising, it will stand out in bold relief, unique, interesting and suggestive, and fundamentally different from any other publication in the field.

It will be well worth your while to secure a copy of this issue for reasons which will be quite apparent when you look it over.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
19 AND 21 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK

HER DAY.

LIFE



DOLOROSO—CAPRICCIOSO.

D. Cupid.

Danse Macabre. Op. 1903.

Tentative Verses.

(Written after reading *The Wings of the Dove*,
by Henry James.)

HE fixed her: she, as if the thread
Could give no clue less im-
plicated,
Demurred; "It isn't *that*," she
said.
"They beautifully *knew*," he
stated.

"Isn't it rather that they—?" "Yes;"

He prompted, "That they felt" . . .

"Exactly,"

She rallied, "felt they *ought* to guess" . . .

"The *crux*?" He netted her com-
pactly.

Her anxious nippers glimmered; he
Fixed her, "You vividly construe it?"
She made it out. "They *know*?" . . .

The sea
Of intuition surged. They knew it.

Lee Wilson Dodd.

Some Comfort.

THE FIEND: Yes, sir. I have run
over nearly ten people with that
automobile.

FRIEND: Did any of them escape
with their lives?

"Oh, yes. But they'll never be the
same again."

VARIETY is the spice of vice.



THE NURSING BOTTLE OF THE FAR NORTH.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLII. JUNE 25, 1903. No. 1078.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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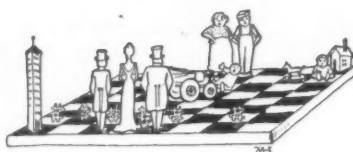
Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



AGAIN Commencement!

More new graduates, more last words of parting, more injunctions to do right, step lively and be strenuous. More pointing out of the path to success; more defining of the same and indicating the kinds that won't wash. More graduates than ever. More girl graduates than ever, and better ones. More coeducated girl graduates? Perhaps not. The coeducation idea seems to have had a check in the colleges. It prospers in certain fields, but does not threaten, as it lately did, to overrun all the fields. The college-education-for-girls idea is prospering greatly, but it leans just now towards a preference for separate colleges for girls. It is a tendency that many good, and some wise, people regret, but LIFE doesn't regret it. Education is in some measure competitive, and boys in their early struggles should not be outclassed. The less competition there is between boys and girls, or men and women, the better. They were not made to compete, but to complete, each one the other.

It is twenty years since LIFE first welcomed a group of new graduates into the great world. Of that group the members have now turned their fortieth year and become seasoned members of society. This year's graduates will be more numerous than their predecessors in 1883, but otherwise not unlike them. But the world into which they come—what of that? Is it the same world as twenty years ago, or is it different?



WHO knows? Who knows? It seems different. The buildings are a lot taller hereabouts. There are more people; there is more money; lots more. The size of big fortunes has enormously increased. Commercial power has tended towards centralization. Fewer men than formerly seem to control opportunity, and the possibilities that they have tied strings to seem to be bigger than possibilities used to be. Corporations are vastly larger and more powerful, and the accumulations of capital, both in private and corporate hands, are immensely more vast and potent than like accumulations were in this country twenty years ago. It seems a very much organized, preempted and parcelled out world that the new graduate jumps into this year. It seems so, but many of the most striking changes are very new, and how many of them are fundamental and permanent, and how many are only apparent, is what a good many old residents are very much puzzled to determine. Progress goes by jumps, with more or less reaction after each jump. We have had a bigger jump than usual in this country and don't know yet just where the reaction will bring us.

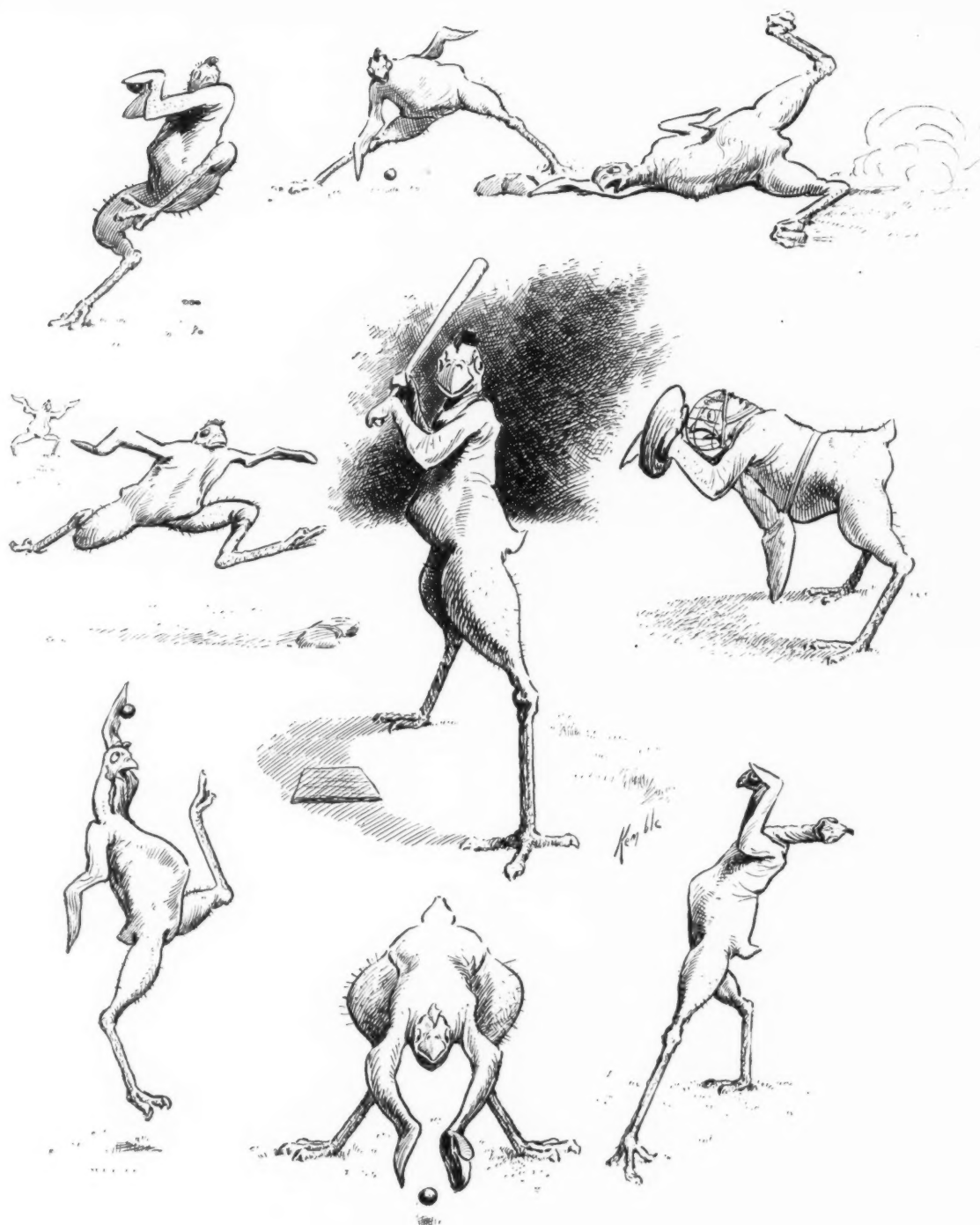


BUT some things are still clear and sure, and one is, Mr. New Graduate, that there is more work to be done in our American world than there ever was before, and that somebody is going to do it. You will in due time get your chance at the jobs, and will doubtless do your share of the work, and if you like to work you will probably have your share of the profits and the fun. You don't know yet precisely what you are good for, nor just how good you are, but in time you will find out, and whether you are agreeably or disagreeably surprised by what you learn, if only you make the best of it and of yourselves, you will find satisfaction in life. Don't try to live some

other man's life. Live your own. Don't pattern after Mr. Morgan. He is copper-fastened and has steel ribs. In the whole bunch of you there is probably not one who is built like him. Don't pattern after Mr. Carnegie. You have not had his training. Such work as he has done is not for you, and you would not like it if it were offered to you. Don't pattern after Mr. Rockefeller. If you do, you will probably go to jail early in life, and die poor and not much respected. Mr. Rockefeller has a very rare form of ability. His kind of exploits are not for you. Don't even pattern after Mr. Roosevelt. One of him is enough. You would not make another; no, not if you practised ever so much. If he had patterned after anybody he would never have pulled out of the ruck.



BE yourself, Mr. New Graduate; as strenuous as you can, as successful as may be, but, please God, an honest gentleman always. The world—this country as much as any other—needs good men. It has all the grabbers, all the promoters, all the smart men, all the "smart sets" it needs. It has an oversupply of fools, sharpers, speculators, idlers, degenerates and invertebrates. But it can take just as many more good people—men and women—with consciences, brains and backbones, as it can get. What you get will make a difference, but what you are will make vastly more difference, and that will determine what you do. You will make plenty of mistakes, but they won't hurt you if only the man behind them is sound and true. The world looks full to you as you confront it. All the good places seem to be taken; all the rounds of the ladder seem crowded, especially the lowest. Have courage. There is room for you. Time will help you; experience will help you. You will certainly have your turn, and if, when it comes, you have qualified yourselves to take it, you will turn it to good account. You start with an advantage; a bigger advantage than all observers appreciate. Go it, dear young friends, and good luck to you!



SOME SNAPSHOTS OF THE PULLETVILLE UNIVERSITY PICKED NINE.

Wisdom.

SONS of rich men all remind us
Not to leave our sons a dime,
Lest the sparks we leave behind us
Burn our money and their time.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

AT our summer home for children, LIFE is again doing business at the old stand—Branchville, Connecticut. The first car-load of youthful pleasure seekers arrived on the twelfth of June.

In the field, near the house, a large pavilion—or open playhouse—has just been built. Here, in rainy weather, the boys and girls can play in comfort: and find shade in hotter days. Within doors, all the little white iron beds have taken a fresh coat of enamel paint. Everything is as clean and white as scrubbing and paint can make it. All microbes found hanging about in the vicinity are at once arrested and returned to New York. The Twin Fairies, Health and Fun, are both on hand ready for any emergency. Green apples will soon be in season,



"PSHAW! NOTHING ON AT THE OPERA HOUSE TO-NIGHT."

"GEE! WE'LL HAVE TO GO."



ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

She: IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF THERE WAS GOING TO BE A STORM.

He: YES. AND SOME OF THOSE PEOPLE DOWN THERE DON'T KNOW ENOUGH TO COME UP OUT OF THE RAIN.

but the ginger and paregoric are also in waiting.

Our thanks to the Pillsbury-Washburn Mills for a barrel of "Pillsbury's Best" flour.

STATEMENT.

Balance at close of season 1902.....	\$2,781.39
Interest on deposits.....	40.45
L. C. M.....	2.00
G. G. S.....	25.00
Ward.....	3.00
Henrietta Crosman.....	6.25
Cash.....	2.00
Herbert Johnson.....	18.20
Thos. Smidt.....	5.00
Miss Crosman.....	1.00
In memory of Marshall Holbrooke.....	5.00
Interest on deposits.....	39.55
A friend of LIFE.....	1,000.00
Miss Crosman.....	11.00
Dorothy.....	5.00
Miss Crosman.....	.25
A bet.....	10.00
Henrietta Crosman.....	.25
Proceeds of a fair given in Yonkers by Russell Bangs, Frank Bangs, Guy Robinson, James Robinson and Frank Walsh.....	35.00
Las Clemente.....	25.00
E. T. Bogert.....	10.00
Gladys Willmer Wheeler.....	10.00
H. J. P.....	3.00
One-half proceeds of a fair held in Englewood, N. J., by Lucille Jouralomon, Marie Westervelt, Constant Brown, F. Lee Loveland, Esther Colt, Ellen Colt, Gertrude Barber and Florence Barber.....	33.00
Proceeds of a fair held in Hartford by Margery Compton, Kenneth and Stanley and Margery Parker.....	2.00

\$ 4,073.34

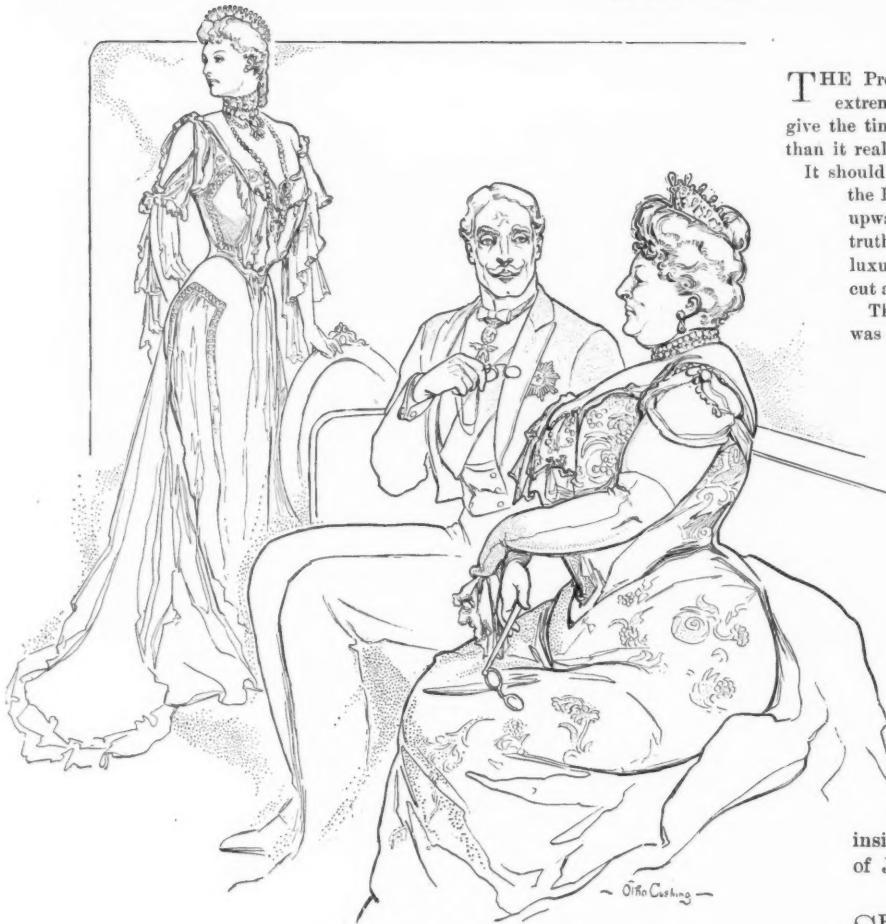


PAUL GWYNNE'S story of the Jesuits in southern Spain, *The Pagan at the Shrine*, has been written *con amore*. Mr. Gwynne knows his Andalusia, and he has achieved that delightful balance in his story where the current of interest is too strong to allow the book to be long laid aside, but never too headlong to tempt one to slight the author's vivid pictures and quiet humor. The book, however, is not for those who avoid tragedy, be it never so excellent. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The spell of college life, the glamour of youth and the intoxication of young love are Ralph Henry Barbour's themes in *The Land of Joy*, and he handles them as we would have them handled. Here's hoping there are many of us who remember our sojourn in that pleasant country. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

The Rev. Bradley Gilman, wishing to express his views upon modern church methods, has chosen to write a novel and let the characters do the talking for him. The result is a dearth of story and a plethora of talk. There is hardly a chapter of *Ronald Carnaquay, a Commercial Clergyman*, in which the reader is not buttonholed by one of these delegates, who, to be frank, are great bores. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The story told by W. E. Norris in *Lord*



"YOUR DAUGHTER, MADAM, IS A BORN PRINCESS."
American Mother: YES. WE INHERITED OUR WEALTH.

Leonard the Luckless is one of those which, in less skillful hands, would be wholly unacceptable. The author, however, has created a set of characters so interesting and so lifelike, and has so imbued their lives with the interest we feel for actual acquaintances, that the book ranks well up among those of the year. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

Mary Holland Kinkaid has evolved a by no means remarkable story from very promising material in *Walda*. The life of the typical religious community of Zanah offered a chance for a striking picture at once interesting and valuable. It is merely used, however, as a background for a love story, with which one never wholly sympathizes. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

A story of a decidedly unusual type comes to us from a new writer, Frances Powell. *The House on the Hudson* is intended to

keep you guessing, and does it. It belongs to the "one more chapter and I'll come to bed" school, and has more claims to merit than most of its class. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Edward W. Townsend as a writer of polite dime novels appears in a new rôle. *Foot Birkett*, a tale of hoodle, beauty and bandits in the Sierra Nevada, falls gracefully into this class and is duly exciting, but we prefer Mr. Townsend hunting characters in the defiles of the East Side to Mr. Townsend hunting train robbers in the cañons of the Rockies. J. B. Kerfoot.

Exegrcsis.

"MAH chil'n," said the Rev. Washington Lincoln Gardner, fervently, "de wise vihghins, wid de oil to buhn, 'xemplifies de Baptis' Chu'ch! Bress de Lawd foh Mist' Jawn D. Rockumfeller!"

Truth, Etc.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly standing so extremely aghast at Mormonism will be likely to give the timid the idea that the case is more desperate than it really is.

It should not be lost sight of in this connection that the Princeton Theological Seminary has just had upwards of two millions of dollars left it. The truth is mighty (well fixed) and will prevail, if luxurious dormitories and high-priced professors cut any ice.

Theodore Parker used to say that Mormonism was a terrible protest against the shortcomings of Christianity. But Calvinists and Parkerists, further than that both adored pie for breakfast, never had much of anything in common, theologically speaking.

A New Version.

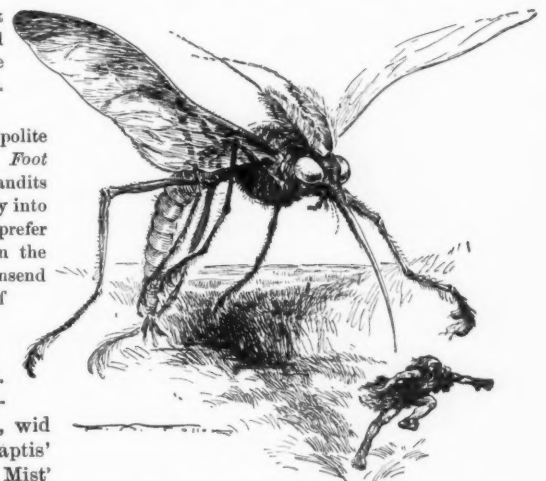
THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a monstrous deal
That stood on massive lies.

And when he saw the game was up,
With all his might and main,
He loaded stock on trusting friends
And jumped right out again.

H. S. P.

"WHAT'S the matter with McBride? Hasn't he any tact?"
"Hardly. He came over on the steamer with two Englishmen and insisted upon their celebrating the Fourth of July with him."

SPEAKING of the Roosevelt boom, while the early bird undoubtedly gets the worm, it is a long worm which has no turning.



ON THE SITE OF NEWARK, N. J., 2903 A. D.

The Mill That Jack Built.

THIS is the mill that Jack built—
 'Tis a mill that pays ten per cent.,
 For 'tis founded, forsooth, on the labor of youth,
 Where mules cost a heap, but where children are cheap;
 And the stockholders' purses are both long and deep
 Because of this mill that Jack built!

This is the mill that Jack built—
 The spindles are calling within;
 The weak and the small must answer the call,
 And babyhood's chatter can't live in the clatter;
 But the profits are big, so what else can matter?—
 In the wonderful mill that Jack built!

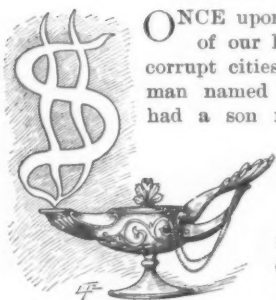
This is the mill that Jack built,
 And Jack's a New England man.
 He's fair, fat and forty, and pious—not sporty—
 And will give you, quite grave, rules on how to behave,
 For of course he can't know that each child is a slave
 In the wonderful mill that Jack built!

This is the mill that Jack built—
 And it prisons the children all day;
 And the wan-faced poor white slouches homeward at night
 With its tiny strength spent, and with puny form bent,
 For the stockholders *must* have that next ten per cent.
 From the wonderful mill that Jack built!

Arthur Chapman.

Arabian Nights Up to Date.

THE STORY OF ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.



ONCE upon a time, in one of our largest and most corrupt cities, dwelt a poor man named Musthava, who had a son named Aladdin, who, hoping some day that he might become rich, kept away from educational institutions and played craps.

One day, a stranger in town, who had escaped with his life from a Broadway car, came up and said:

"Aladdin, I am your long-lost uncle. Telephone your mother that

you have been run over by an automobile and temporarily disabled, and come with me into the country, where I will set you up in business."

Aladdin, who was tired of being an office boy, did as he was told, and in a short time he and his new friend, who was in reality a "con" man for an oil concern, were journeying through Pennsylvania.

After awhile they came to a place between two mountains that Quay had overlooked, and Aladdin's alleged uncle said to him:

"Here, my boy, is a rock with a ring in it. Lift it up, and underneath you will find a pair of stairs."

Aladdin did as he was told, and the stairs appeared.

"Now," said the uncle, "take this rheumatism ring in case you need it, and go downstairs and get a lamp you will see just beyond the picnic ground, where you can dally awhile and pick chestnuts if you wish. You will know the lamp at once, because the oil in it is priceless and it's marked Standard Oil."

Aladdin obeyed, but when once he saw the lamp he caught right on.

"That man," he observed, "is no uncle of mine. He wants that lamp for a purpose. But I'll see him in Brooklyn first before he gets it."

So saying, he returned; but when he came to his alleged uncle, he merely observed, dryly:

"Uncle, dear, I know a good thing when I see it," and putting the lamp carefully in his pocket, rubbed his rheumatism ring briskly, and in a jiffy was transported back into his little Harlem flat.

"Mother," he observed, joyfully, "this is a cinch. The price of oil is rising every day, and this lamp is full of it."

So saying, he rubbed the lamp, and it began to flow crude petroleum so fast that they couldn't get barrels enough to fill it.

"Now, mother," said Aladdin, "I have long had my eye on the daughter of J. Mortimer Bondheaps, Esquire, and the mere fact that she has just been married to his grand secretary shall prove no obstacle."

Going out and buying the nearest eighteen-thousand-dollar automobile

for spot cash, he ordered the chauffeur to bring the beautiful girl to him at once. "As for her husband," he exclaimed, "remove him to Jersey City, where he will never bother me again."

This was no sooner said than done, and when the beautiful girl was brought before him, Aladdin said:

"My ownest own, I've just bought a lot on the Avenue right next to your pa's, and I will make you a leader of the smart set if you will be mine."

"Sure," said his beloved, as she observed the name on the lamp and what it stood for.

The next morning the house was completed and the marriage duly chronicled in all the society columns.

Aladdin's alleged uncle, however, had not been idle. He was now a popular labor leader, and learning that Aladdin was to be absent in Pittsburg at a directors' meeting, he sent a plumber to the house to make repairs. The plumber said he needed a light in the basement, and then made way with the lamp.

When Aladdin got back from Pittsburg, much to his surprise he found his new house and wife had been transported to Hoboken, and then by the aid of his trusty rheumatism ring, in less time than it takes to tell, he was on a Hoboken ferryboat.

After a journey of several days, he arrived at his destination.

"What shall I do?" said his wife's new maid from the second floor front. "Your uncle is running the whole place—that is, all except me and the rest of the servants."

"Here," said Aladdin, "give him this breakfast food, and when he has passed away, hand out that lamp."

The rest is history. Aladdin's alleged uncle's brother came home from the Texas oil region, where he was getting up several pools, and started an insurrection, but it fell flat.

In a few years more Aladdin owned nearly all the whole country, including the Baptist Church and the entire educational system, and then, to show there was no hard feeling, raised the price of oil two cents a gallon.

Tom Masson.

NO heart is big enough to hold both love and happiness.



IT IS A WISE ASS THAT KNOWS ITS OWN DRIVER.



"Dropped ten points, and he got cold feet."



"Trimmed with the loveliest embroidered chiffon."



"Insists I am the greatest Caesar since Booth."



"I just said to her, 'Bridget, I will be mistress in my own house.'"

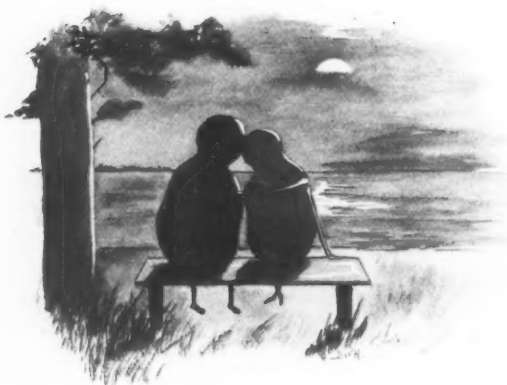


"Mine catches me right across the small of my back."

SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION HEARD ON THE AVENUE.

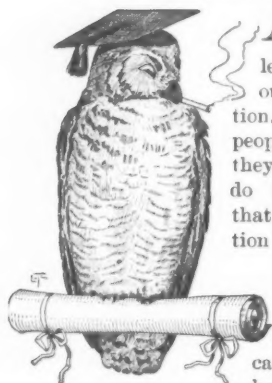






MASHED POTATOES.

A Plea for Ignorance.



A VERY earnest gentleman has come forward in a leading English review to point out the disadvantages of education. He is of the opinion that people do things much better when they haven't been taught how to do them, and he greatly fears that if the "patient British nation" goes on being experimented upon by schoolmasters, at the bidding of politicians, it will soon become incapable of action. He does us Americans the somewhat doubtful honor of drawing most of his illustrations from our soil—thrilling with pride over President Jackson's misspelled letters, and putting forward "Commodore" Vanderbilt, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie, and Mr. Schwab, as splendid examples of accomplishment, unretarded by early erudition. "Paramount success," he affirms, "cannot be achieved by docile scholars. Independent spirits who are predestined for future greatness are usually impatient of the restraint of schools, and of their formal and largely unpractical tuition; and wish to be free to follow their own instincts to success."

Well it is that schoolboys are not in the habit of reading reviews. The rising generation is already sufficiently "impatient of restraint"; and, once assured that docile scholars can never become presidents of oil and steel trusts, there will be an end both of docility and of scholarship. It seems strange to hear offered, as a practical argument against education, the antagonism manifested towards it by "unlearned men whose native shrewd common sense has not been affected by the reading of books." Hitherto we have stupidly supposed that the contempt of the ignorant for knowledge proved only the heaviness of their

ABSORBED.



loss. There is a wide-spread contempt for art and for science. There is also a wide-spread conviction that art is immoral, and science irreligious. But we have not yet heard these sentiments put forward as serious arguments against technical training. It is pleasant for the uneducated man to feel and to express his superiority over the scholar. No one will deny him this gratification. But his



example fails to inspire us with any genuine enthusiasm for illiteracy, with any urgent desire to shut up our colleges and schools. The frank admission that education is only a means to an end, and that the end is affluence; the frank denial of any finer aspirations, of any broader scheme in life, startle us when presented cold-bloodedly in the pages of a review. We have traveled far along strange roads to reach such logical conclusions. And we have lost something by the way.

But it is amusing to watch Mr. Carnegie thrusting a surfeit of books upon the American people, and to see him at the same time held up to English eyes as a shining example of what may be achieved by letting books alone.

Agnes Repplier.

JASPAR: Young Scadsby has enough. Why doesn't he keep out of business and give others a chance?

JUMPUPPE: But it is by going into business that rich young men like him give smart young men a chance to make money.

Evening Up.

BRIGGS: How can Stickney cut up so, with his wife in a sanitarium?

GRIGGS: He considers himself and wife as one, and he is having just as much fun as possible, to make up for her lack of it.

Your Diet.

OH, gentle reader, are you fully aware that even now you may be transgressing the simple laws of health, and laying the foundation of future discord and disease? Be warned in time, and be guided by the following instructions:

FIRST.—No meat! The gorilla, the strongest animal known, that lives in the depths of the African forest and snatches his prey bald-headed, eats no meat. Some of our best laundry work is done by Chinamen, and they eat no meat, preferring starch for their purpose. Meat is deadly. If persisted in, the pulse increases, and your strength, purely fictitious, will suddenly collapse. Meat is man's worst enemy.

SECOND.—No vegetables! It can be proven, nay, it has been proven, that vegetables contain a large percentage of starch, and what is more fatal to the human system than starch? Starch is death!

THIRD.—No cereals! Of all forms of food, cereals are no doubt the worst. The so-called health foods clog the system, and, if persisted in, will cause premature decay. Almost all the Scotch dialect novels of the day were written under the influence of oatmeal. What more need we say?

FOURTH.—No fruit! The lion, noblest of beasts, so wondrous strong, eats no fruit, and gaze upon his grand physique. If ripe fruit is full of



"MAMMA, DON'T YOU THINK I'M LARGE ENOUGH TO PUT ON LONG PANTS?"
"YES, YOU'RE LARGE ENOUGH, BUT YOUR FATHER CAN'T AFFORD IT."

germs, how much more teeming with them it is when unripe.

NO SHELL-FISH!—Every oyster is said to contain three million microbes. Think of it, and pause before it is too late. Lobsters, as is well known, contain absolutely no fruit salts, so necessary to the human system.

NO WATER!—It thins the blood, makes you anæmic and multiplies the white corpuscles. Be warned in time!

IN CONCLUSION.—Should you feel the pangs of hunger, curb them! They prove conclusively that your condition is abnormal, and, in the light of modern research, extremely unscientific.

A Mysterious Providence.

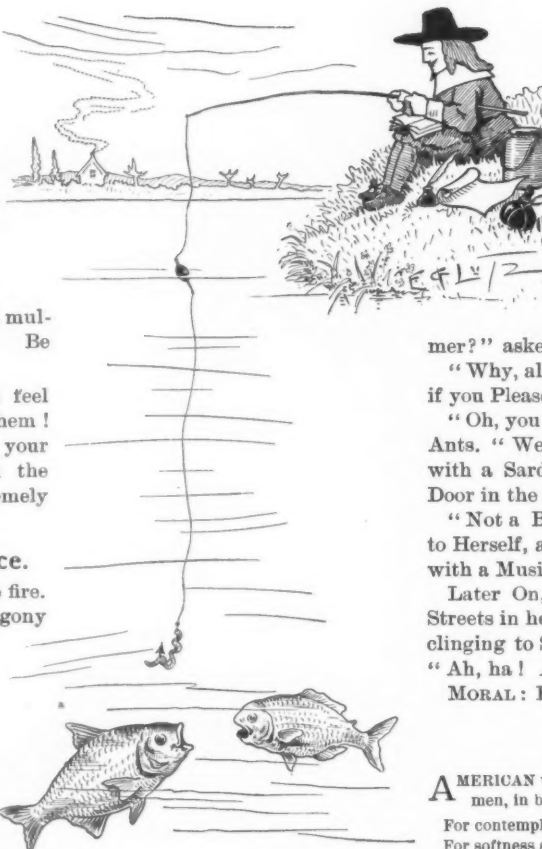
A MAN put his finger in the fire. "Lord," he said, "what agony I suffer!"

Then he stirred it round a little. His wife cried, "O God, why dost Thou so grievously afflict us?"

The minister poured kerosene on the fire. "My brethren," he said, "whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."

The man poked his finger a little further into the fire. "This is a cruel world," he groaned. The Morganized Charity Association gave him an asbestos glove.

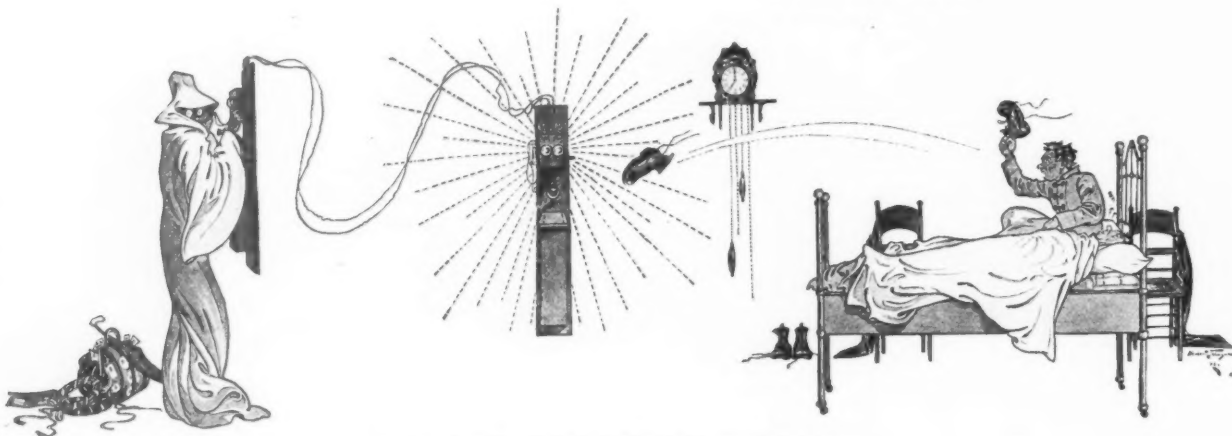
Bolton Hall.



"NULLA DIES SINE LINEA."

"HERE'S THAT IZAAK WALTON AGAIN. WHAT A PERSISTENT FELLOW HE IS, ANYWAY."

"YES. YOU SEE HE'S LITERARY, AND BELIEVES WITH PLINY IN 'NO DAY WITHOUT A LINE.'"



THERE ARE THOSE WHO NEVER RESPOND TO THE OPPORTUNITY.

Æsop Up to Date.

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

A GRASSHOPPER who had Merrily sung all through the Summer was Almost perishing with hunger in the Winter. So she Went to some Ants who lived Hard By and Begged them to lend her a Little of the Food which they had Frugally saved against the Cold weather.

"What did you do all Summer?" asked the Cold, hard-hearted Ants. "Why, all through the Summer I sang, if you Please," replied the Grasshopper.

"Oh, you Sang, did you?" said the Cruel Ants. "Well, now you can dance!" And with a Sardonic laugh they slammed their Door in the face of the Poor Grasshopper.

"Not a Bad Idea," said the Grasshopper to Herself, and she Forthwith made a Date with a Music-Hall Manager.

Later On, as she Whizzed through the Streets in her Automobile, and Saw the Ants clinging to Straps in a Trolley-Car, she said, "Ah, ha! Ah, ha!"

MORAL: He laughs best whose laugh lasts.
Carolyn Wells.

Decadence.

AMERICAN women are a little too powerful for the men, in build.—*Dr. Lorenz.*

For contemplation he, and valor formed,
For softness she, and sweet seductive grace.—*Milton.*

Is it that cigarettes, cocktails and the quick lunch are more deleterious than corsets, bonbons and at homes?

But possibly Dr. Lorenz means "bills" where he says "build." The English is quite a puzzle to foreigners.



A TWENTIETH CENTURY IDYLL.
ALONE AT LAST!

· LIFE ·



THE GRASSCUTTER.

The thrifty man looks at his lawn,
"That grass," he says, "I'll cut at dawn."
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

And this is how it looks, when o'er
The lawn he runs his dull lawn-mower:
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

"I see," says he, "it's merely bent."
And back he goes, though well-nigh spent:
))))))))))))))))

"Well, I'll be switched! Confound such hay!"
He cries, "I'll go the other way."
((((((((((((((((

Grown desperate now, the shears he snatches
And cuts the grass—in gobs and patches:
—!!!—(((—!!!—))—!!!—

Only to find next day, at dawn,
A dandelion-spangled lawn:
* * * * *
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

BY THEIR WIVES YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

The unknown man walked down the aisle of the
smoking car and stopped before a seat where an-
other unknown man sat reading voraciously.

"May I sit by you?" he asked meekly.
"Certainly," replied the occupant without look-
ing up. "May as well be sociable. Rice is my
name."

"And Freeman is mine. May I ask what you
are reading?"
"Certainly."

"Well, what are you reading?"
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
"Pure trash, I have my wife's word for it."

"Who's your wife?" inquired the original occu-
pant, beginning to betray signs of interest.

"My wife is Mrs. Freeman," with some signs
of pique.

"Never heard of her. Literary shark is she?
My wife's strong for Mrs. Wiggs. You see-er, why,
she wrote it."

"My dear sir," shouted the quondam critic,
"there seems to be a fatal misunderstanding some-
where. Let me introduce myself again as Mr. Mary
E. Wilkins Freeman."

"And I," grinned the man with the book, "am

Mr. Alice Caldwell Hegan Rice, of course. Why
didn't we do this before? Happy to know you."—
Princeton Tiger.

THE announcement that Miss Hallie Erminie
Rives, the Virginia novelist, was seriously consid-
ering the plan of giving up literature for the foot-
lights to assume the role of the heroine in the
dramatization of her late novel, "Hearts Cour-
ageous," has inspired one budding poet to song.

The authoress's notable possession is a wonder-
ful head of curling hair of the tint that Dido and
other fascinating women of antiquity have pos-
sessed. Interviewers have called it by such terms
as "flame-washed," "Swedish yellow," "beaten-
bronze," "tawny-russet" and "streaked amber."
Others have contented themselves with the more
obvious adjective of three letters. Miss Rives was
once heard to say that when, as a child, she asked
her "black mammy" why her hair was not like
other children's, the old woman used to say:
"Honey-chile, ah specks, fo' yo' was borned, yo'
done runned th'oo hell bar-headed."

The poetical effort referred to, Miss Rives
found in her mail the other day. It was unsigned,
and the authoress has been passing it around
among her friends with joy. It ran as follows:

A RHYME OF REDHEADS.

I warble no ballad of sense or of salad,
But a rhyme of a torrid intention,
For I sing of the red that emblazons the head
Of a type that's too many to mention.
It's wiry and fiery and always inspiry,
And very, oh, very well bred.
It's a vision Elysian of tints that are Titian—
That's red!—red!!—RED!!!

Now, lithe Mrs. Carter, who chews cream-a-tartar
And zazes her frizzes of auburn,
Has a head of rare red (tho' a rival has said
That she wouldn't for money so daub her!).
It's gushy and blushy, and maybe not lushy,
Though very, oh, very well fed.
But I sing of an airy, new, cap capillary
As red!—red!!—RED!!!

For Mrs. Brown Potter a new plan has got her
To put in a play galumpageous
A fresh tawny-top, 'neath whose sorrel-hued mop
Grew the story we call "Hearts Courageous."

Oh, it's rough on the yellows, the blacks and
prunellas,

But it's very, oh, very well said
That the cerebral color that yanks the big cruller
Is red!—red!!—RED!!!

—Book News.

THE story is told of a Scotch preacher who
gave his people long, strong sermons, and delivered
them in a remarkably deliberate manner. One
Sunday he asked a friend who was visiting him to
occupy his pulpit in the morning.

"An' were you satisfied wi' my preaching?"
asked his friend, as they walked home from the
kirk.

"Weel," said his host, slowly, "it was a fair
discoorse, Will'm, a fair discoorse; but it pained
me at the last to see the folk looking sae fresh and
wide awake. I mistrust 'twasna sae long nor sae
sound as it should hae been."—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

THERE is an instructive and diverting article
in *The Pall Mall Magazine* on the subject of the
sayings of witty lawyers, but strangely enough the
collection of anecdotes does not contain the witty
reply of an English lawyer named Adam to a
letter from a brother barrister named Eve. It is
the custom in England for a barrister, when he
applies to the Lord Chancellor for leave to don
"silk," to write to men of his own standing at the
bar in order courteously to inform them of the fact.
Among Mr. Eve's contemporaries, when he took
silk, was a Mr. Adam; and in reply to the official
circular this gentleman wrote as follows: "Dear
Eve—Whether you wear a silk gown or a figleaf,
I don't care.—Adam." Could anything be neater
than this?—*Rochester Post Express.*

DISCRIMINATING readers know what the editor
meant when he said in last week's issue of *The
Minneapolis Messenger*: "There is a little matter
to which *The Messenger* begs to call the attention
of some of its subscribers. We really hate to
speak of it but some have seemingly allowed it
to slip their mind\$. To us this is a very import-
ant is\$ue; in fact it's nece\$\$ary in our bu\$ine\$\$.
We won't speak further on the subject. Perhaps
you have already gue\$\$ed the drift of our remark\$."
—Exchange.

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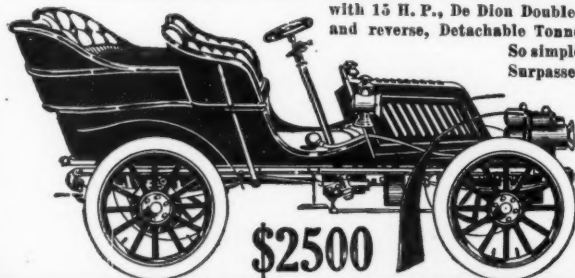


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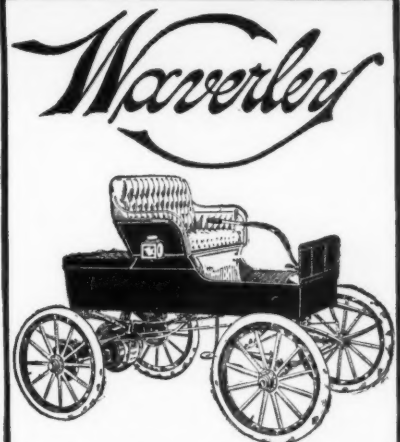


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STRANGER (in Kansas City): I want to go from here to Seventh street. Which is the quickest way to get there?

NATIVE BOY: Go right there to the edge o' this street an' fall off, mister.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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TEACHER: Which letter is the next one to the letter "H"?

BOY: Dunno, ma'am.

"What have I on both sides of my nose?"

"Freckles, ma'am."—*The Wasp*.

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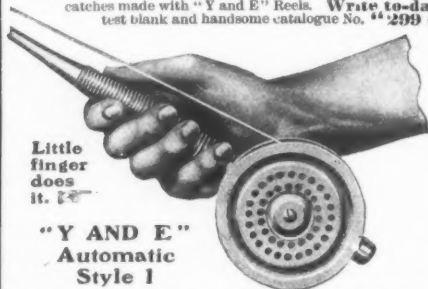


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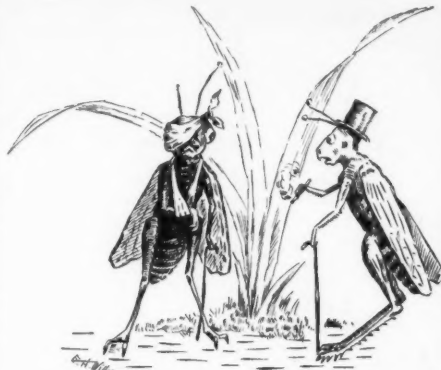
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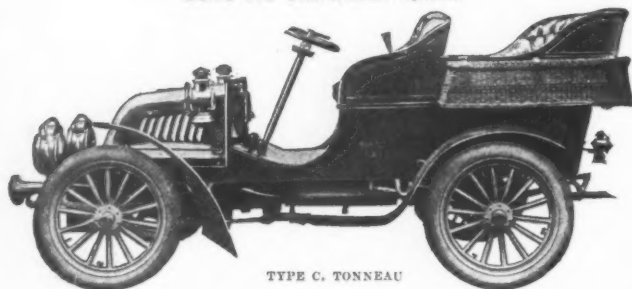
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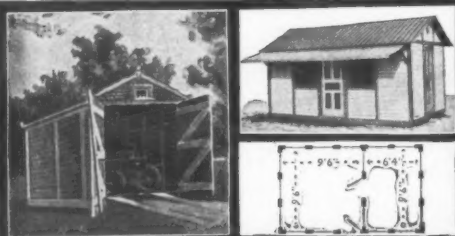
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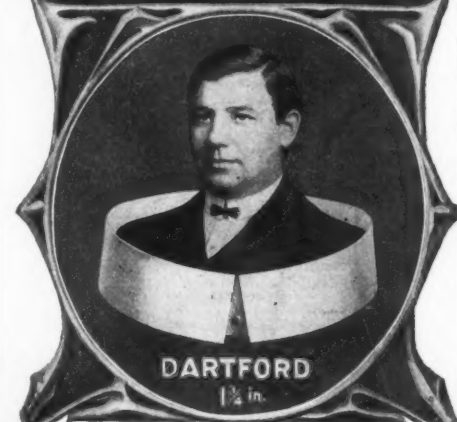
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